

## Fallen Angel

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/22698970) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/22698970>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Panty &amp; Stocking with Garterbelt</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Anarchy Panty</a> , <a href="#">Anarchy Stocking</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-02-13 Words: 2,229 Chapters: 1/1

# Fallen Angel

by [Melzious](#)

## Summary

Heaven never felt quite right.

Memories-she heard them talk, the humans, always about memories. How keepsakes were so important and bonds. How could one have bonds without any memories? Memories made up a person. There was, of course, intuition, but memories gave knowledge and experience. They gave nearly everything to a person. Was she even a person? Did she have anything other than her herself? *Without memories, could she even be called a person? If not, what did that leave her? Definitely left with the burden of identifying herself, the only person she ever had.*

Did she even have herself?

From the first moments she could remember, she had been meek, shy, and contemplative. Stocking tried to keep her head down, tried to avoid commotion, and most of all, she tried to fit in. Yet, for some reason, her attempts were in vain. She stuck out like a sore thumb. It could not have been her clothes-no it couldn't have been. She dressed averagely, ordinary, exceptionally unremarkably. It tore at her, ripped apart her mind. She could even feel it nipping at her skin, like the harsh caress of winter's breath in the night. Why couldn't she be like the others? WHY? *Why, did that part of her she wish never spoke, not want to be like them when that's all she should aspire to be?*

The others weren't anything special. They went on with their lives. Living under the command of a force they never saw. They were drones-nothing too hard to emulate. Was she really that different? Was she really that out of place? If everyone was content, orderly, complacent, was that how she was supposed to be. No one directly told her that being different was bad. Yet, she could not shake the idea that she was committing an act of heresy. Which would be terribly ironic, considering what she was.

Was she broken? Were angels supposed to be cookie-cutter perfect? *Were they only to what they were made for, not belonging to themselves at all? Was she greedy, even blasphemous, to want more?*

She clenched her eyes shut, keeping an even pace as she walked. Walked to where? That she did not know. Apparently, she was walking somewhere. Right into someone. Stocking lurched to the side after colliding with a warm arm. As if the embarrassment of slamming into someone wasn't enough, a voice growled out, "Hey, fucking watch it, bitch!"

This girl could eat her own shit. That thought completely annihilated all sense of protocol and slid into her mind with incredible ease. It was the first time she thought of something of that nature. And it felt fucking fantastic.

Stocking found breathing more natural. Her limbs no longer felt as if they were on the verge of floating away. She felt more serene, more natural. *[more like herself, if she dared]*

Asphyxia didn't exist anymore, at least not the feeling of it strangling her body. Everything felt, well, better! Though there was one odd sensation, though it didn't necessarily feel out of place. Some with clawing at her brain, thumping against its gates. Though it was an odd sensation, it felt almost...comforting, she guessed. Something clicked in her brain when she heard the girl's crass voice reach her ears. She felt, no, she knew there was a word for this feeling, although she could not place it.

Nostalgia. She felt nostalgic.

The blonde-haired girl reminded her of something-actually someone. Her certainty in this nearly left her speechless. *[she had always been so uncertain, shapeless that it felt as if she had just begun to truly live]* She had never been so certain of anything not for however many days she was alive. Could she even call it that? The answer eluded her grasp, mattering not despite how much it used to haunt her like an impending plague. This girl reminded her of some piece, a piece she was missing. It sounded corny, almost like something out of a love poem.

It was not the unnatural lemon strands forming messy tufts, nor the striking blue reminiscent of the sky swimming in her eyes, nor was it her fine sculpted face, seemingly strong yet soft at the same time, that was a relic of lost time. It was her voice. Stocking was certain she knew that voice deep within her heart. The tone, the breath, the emphasis on certain syllables. But most of all, the confidence. A voice like that could take on the repercussions of its crudeness. A voice like that was powerful and strong. A voice like that was recklessly passionate, like a candle being lit in a paper lantern. Beautiful and fast, yet ready to burst at any moment on any onlooker.

"Could you, maybe, calm your tits?"

The sentence felt unbelievably slick and familiar slipping out of her mouth. Stocking's breath quickened a smidge. It was exhilarating-this feeling. Though she would never let the lemon bitch know that. *Something so unfamiliar took over her face that had been expressionless for*

*so long- a smirk.* She felt liberated. Like she found her place. Her hair seemed lighter and the strands that shone crimson in the sun seemed to rejoice as well. Though she could not see, she knew. She just knew that the red was turning neon, defying normality. Her eyes were rimmed with a sort of feral grace.

The blonde placed her hands on her hips. “And who the hell do you think you are?” tumbled out of her lips in a hiss. Oh, this girl had encountered a new kind of crazy. She never expected another angel to have crude and hostile nature as her. She was annoyed, yes, but also amused. Maybe heaven could use a little stirring up.

Stocking was quick to lash out with a comeback dripping in snark. “ *And who do you think you are to ask all high and mighty ?* Go back to sitting on your throne of fugly.”

“Excuse me? At least I have a throne, you filthy piece of commoner shit,” confidence not wounded, the girl with tousled hair shot back, not lacking a flip of the middle finger delivered with absolute finesse. "What would a killjoy like you know besides being a grade-A pain in my fucking ass?"

“Well get ready for anarchy, hoe, because your reign is over.”

A smirk grew on the blonde’s face, contorting her lips deviously. Stocking raised an eyebrow in question, even though she knew the answer through a force she did not dare to comprehend. The blonde, Panty, ran a hand through her hair, bypassing any knots and tilting her head back. These girls were wild, feral, something heaven didn’t have. And they both knew it. If it felt this good to be them, maybe they need to free some others from their plastic wrapping. That, and they would be as free as they could be.

“Heaven could use a little mixing up, don’tcha think?”

“Heh, you mean...a little anarchy?”

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Panty had been upset initially, though more of wounded pride than dismay at their situation. Stocking merely half-listened, more interested in taking in her surroundings. She never

before had the chance to this much attention to the scenery around her- to Earth. To the chirping of birds, the humming of cicadas, the fainting rumbling of dying automobiles. All of it seemed so ethereal (Heaven wasn't as cracked up as it was made out to be) to the goth girl. A small smile tugged on the corners of her lips. Heaven said they were chained to Earth as long until they collected enough coins and vanquished enough ghosts, but chained was a word that should have never been associated with coming to earth. She felt free- liberated. She could do what she wanted. She could interact with more than cardboard boxes masquerading in human skill. She could unleash absolute havoc just for amusement.

Just like the feeling she got when she first met her now sister, the same tremor touched her spine. It told her that this was something she needed to have. Something that belonged to her.

Freedom. Free. She was free.

She had the two things she always needed- needed this lifetime, perhaps in a thousand lifetimes if she believed in that bullshit reincarnation. And she had a sister. Someone to squabble with, to keep the fire in her running. She never wanted to lose the boiling feist inside her. Panty was a pain in the ass, though she preferred the term royal pain in the ass. But she would fight at her side. She was a bad bitch in more ways than one.

She knew in this instance she would stay on Earth, always feel the ground beneath her feet. She was here for the magic it offered that heaven could not possibly replicate.

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Panty casually whipped an insult at her sister, "God, you're such a goddamn useless bitch. At least people like me and I'm not a loner goth. I'm glad I'm nothing like you."

The insult didn't set in quite yet. Stocking waved her hand, nonchalantly retorting, "Whatever, whore."

The darkness was prevailing in her room. It ate at her, pricking at her skin before gnawing at it. Not even the warm weight of her comforter could quell the storm rattling inside her. She quivered as she brought her hand up gently to her eyes. She felt tears and another substance drip on to her hand. Fucking fantastic. Just great. Her makeup was running. She would have

to wipe it off and redo it. She refused to show weakness to Panty. That fucking bitch. As if she would want to be anything like her. The only thing similar between them was the snowy wings that fluttered at their side.

Flexing her back muscles, pure feathers started to form. Trembling, she reached back and traced her index finger along the wings. Her finger stopped moving along, though it still twitched. Her breath hitched and then became calm with such meticulous deadness. Grasping the white feather gently, her grip tighten. Her eyes...they showed no emotion but hollowness. She had never certainty or uncertainty shimmering within them.

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She brought her hand to her face. Entwined and dripping on her fingers was a shimmering liquid. It resembled nothing of the crimson she had expected to trickle down from her feathers. It looked almost like...tears. Thick tears. They were reminiscent of heaven, almost as if it was sending her a message. A message not to go down the path she was going down.

With one hand gripping her hair, she collapsed on the floor, no sobs to leave her lips as her wings were wailing for her. Cupping the discarded feather in her hand, she memorized its fading beauty. Its beauty was gone. Hideous. She couldn't bear to look at the filthy equivalent to bird shit. Hands gripping it at either end, she yanked as hard as she could. Strands of white fluttered through the gaps in her finger. It didn't hurt. It didn't hurt at all, she told herself. She could keep going. She would keep going.

She tore at her wings with unwavering resolve, a pile of lonesome feathers flocking together around her stiff body. She moved mechanically, repetitively, and whatever was holding them up disappeared all while she worked. Her fingers only began to tremble when two solemn feathers were left. Her back felt slick with tears, all the while her face felt dry and cracked. Was heaven begging her to come back? Could she come back? Her hands fell to her side twitching,

What had she done?

*You ripped out your wings, your grace.*

How could she have done this?

*Because you're a monster. A demon.*

Her wails flooded her ears even though they were nearly silent. She frantically pressed her feathers to her back in a makeshift fashion, the wet tears beginning to steam and turn scorching. They cemented the feathers back into place, crudely. A cruel imitation. Her body tilted from side to side as she tried to stand. Wobbling, she slowly made her way to the full-length mirror embedded in the wall. Her reflection stared back at her, but she could only focus on her wings. They were a molted brown, hideous to the eye. Not even a midnight black, just dirty and repulsive. Her nails clawed into her face as she feverishly shook her head. She fell to the floor, simply laying there. She closed her eyes and prayed for something much stronger and potent than sleep to take her.

The next morning, Stocking groggily made her way downstairs. Setting her eyes on her sister, she made her way towards her.

“Why the hell are you just standing their goth? You’re blocking my fucking view.”

Stocking brokenly ignored her words. As much as she wanted to hand her head down and let her hair guard her face, she did not. She kept her eyes locked intently with Panty’s. “Promise you won’t let me go?”

Panty hissed, “What the fuck has gotten into you, bitch?”

Stocking stared, her gaze more powerful than any ghost Panty had fought. Panty pursed her lips and mutter and quick and terse, “Fine, whatever. Now move.”



Those simple words caressed Stocking like a lullaby. Heaven felt a little closer than it did last night.

Just a little for this fallen angel.

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